

wa'n'ta Fourth without any He would say, with a thump of his

To see his sons on the Nation's day Sit round in a sort and no train-

170 fire-work show

White his gramisons, before they were out of Were ashumed -great Scott!-to fire off squibs.

And so each Independence morn.
Grandhather Waits took his powder-horn.
And the finit-lock shotgan A * father had.
When he fought undr Schupler, a country ind.
And Grandfather Watts would start and tramp.
Ten miles to the woods at Reaver Camp;
For Grandfather Watts used to say—and
secon—

That a decent chipmunk or woodchick or owl That a decent chipment or weedchack or a Was better company, triendly or shy, Than folis who didn't keep Fourth of July, And so he would pull his hat down on brow.

And march for the woods, son'cast by sou'.

B it once-sh! long, long years ago: For grandfather's gone where good men go— One het, het Fourth, thy ways of our own. Such short-cuts as boys have stways known, We hurried and followed the dear old man leyond where the whiderness began. To the deep black wooks at the foot of the Hump, And there was a clearing and a stump-

A stump in the heart of a great wide wood; And there on that stump our grandfa Taking and shouting out there in the sun, and firing that funny old fint-lock gun tues in a minute, his head, all bare. Having his Fourth of July out there-

me Fourth of July he used to know Back in expiteen-and-twenty or so.

First, with his face to the heaven's blue, He read the "Declaration" through; And then, with gestures to the left and right, He made an orart mermille. Full of words six sollables long; And then our grandfather broke into song, And scaring the squirre's in the trees, Care "Hait, Columbia" to the breeze. And I tell you, the old man never heard

When we joined in the chorus, word for word! Thit he sault out strong to the bright blue sky. And if volces joined in bis Fourth of July, He heard them as colors from days gone by. And when he had done, we all slipped back, As still as we came, on our twisting track; While words more clear than the flint-lock

shots
Hang in our ears.
And Grandfather Watts?
He should red the gan his father bore.
And marched of home, norwest by nor?
—H. C. Bunner, in Harper's Young People.

THE SHAM BATTLE.

A Fourth of July Hero Who Won One Victory at Least.



Springfield Mil-Itary Academy were fond of processions. they would run a mile to see

three men walk py was a band of music, a broad street to march line of specta-

tors to gaze upon them. been no processions in the town for six. months, and they determined that on the Fourth of July they would have

As it is a Revolutionary town, Springfield is all alive whenever the Fourth of July arrives. It hangs a flag from the spire of a church and rings the vil-lage bells. The town folk talk of their lage bells. The town folk talk of their "independence," and spend money for fire-works. On the "Fourth" of which I write it was decided that the day should have an frausual cole beation, and, to their delight, the boys in the military.

The the want of more washing. He ran to the to their delight, the boys in the military academy were to be the principal actors in the affair. They were to have a sham battic on the Revolutionary bat-tle-ground, and to leat the English over again. Half of their number were to dress as the American soldiers dressed, one hundred years ago, and half were to wear such uniforms as were worn by the Hessian yagers of that period.

In the year 1780 the American army at Springfield was commanded by Gen eral Greene, and the British army by a Hessian General named Baron Knyphausen. It was decided that two boys on horseback should impersonate these great officers.

Of course all of the boys wanted to be American soldiers, and not one was willing to put on a red coat and call himself a Hessian. It became necessary to call the teachers in to settle this difficulty, and they wrote the words "American" and "British" upon a great many slips of paper, turned them face downward in a box and invited each



THE OLD HORSE MADE A MIGHTY EFFORT. boy to draw one. Every one who drew an "American" ticket went into the Jersey regiment, and every one who drow a "British" ticket joined the Hessians.

Then the teachers decided that Barry Cartweight and Herbert Fleming should cartweight and Herbert Fleming should refer a General's Representation. Cartwright and Herbert Fleming should act as Generals. Both boys could ride, and they knew more of military maneuvers than any other boys in the academy. Each of these two boys was fourteen years old, and it was astonishing how much information they had obtained about artillery, cavalry, infantry, gunnery, etc. They seemed to know just how to attack an enemy, how to rout him and all about it. Barry had drawn an "American" ticket and Herbert a "British" one; therefore Barry was entitled to represent General Greene and lifebert was expected to impersonate the conductor of the two armies had davanced simultaneously and both officers had given the command to officers had given the programme. The black mare was struck by the wad of a blank cartridge and ran away. She had had caven the did officers had given the command to officers had given the comm

the Baron Knyphausen. Unfortunately for the day's pleasure, Herbert declined to not as British General, and declared WATTS used to that he wanted to command the Americal to boxs. He said that Barry had only lived at a Fourth cans. He said that Barry had only lived considerably over his own fancied im-

portance. The Flemings were prominent people in Springfield, and when Herbert's fa-ther learned that his son wished to play ther learned that his son wished to play the part of General Greene in the sham battle he sent word to the teachers of the neademy that Herbert's wish must be granted or he would no longer patronize the school.

Barry Cartwright had been in an co stacy of delight when he realized that Barry knew that he could never over-he was to lead the American army on to take the fleet black mare, but that he victory. He had fancied himself riding his father's horse into battle, and had sorrel across the fields, urging him to imagined that staid old animal transformed into a gallant charger, seething with foam, and prancing to martial mu-sic! He had fancied himself, with sword warrior-like tashion. He was a poor Barry to come back, that he would be say. His father had lost an arm while killed, but he heeded no warning. His fighting for his country, and had to work hard to support and educate his family. Barry had been obliged to wear. When Barry reached the read it was Barry had been stung by the ridicule. I her bridle as she tried to rush past, am afraid that he had cherished a gradge against Herbert ever since. When he discovered that he was to be the here of the sham-battle he took conderable satisfaction in thinking that Herbert would greatly like to be in his

hors on that occasion.

Poor Harry was not to realize his trimph. after all. The teachers in the military scademy did not dare offend Mr. Firming, and they decided that Herbert should be given the coveted generalship. Barry was told that he must command the Hessians!

Nobody knew what his disappointment was. Nobody knew how he shut himself into his room and fought a battle with his ugly feelings toward his schoolfellow and with his own disappoint-ment. The boy's pride was wounded, and he felt that he had been defrauded. He had taken his chances with the other boys, and had honestly drawn the ticket that entitled him to the favorite general-hip. Why should he be forced o give it un? He would have refused take any part in the sham battle if it had not been for his father. Barry did not want him to share his disappointment. He said nothing about the affair, nd consented to represent the Baron Kuxphausen.

It was a bright spectacle-that little rade that marched through Springdd on the Fourth of July. The women ik had taken an interest in the affair and had made the boys' uniforms. The band played, and, dear me, what an impartial band it was! It played "Yan-kee Doodle" and "God Save the Queen" with equal enthusiasm.

The two generals made a gallant ap-peasance—Herbert upon a spirited black mare and Earry upon his father's sedate old sorrel. The two officers preceded their armies in their march to Academy Green, where the school principal, Mr. a drum. All they wanted to make them hapwon in Springfield in the year 1780, and how the stout hearts of the Jerseymen were shaken when they discovered that they had no more wadding for their guns. There was an American minister in the thickest of the battle, named James Caldwell. He was a great soldier as well as a great preacher, and was called the "Robel High Priest." His wife had seen shot by a Hessian soldier, and he terrible news was brought to him while the battle was in progress, and at the time that the want of wadding was discovered. Mr. Dinwiddle said that this good man did not stop one moment to vent his grief when the dreadful

church. Broke the door, stripped the pews, and dashed

with his arms full of hymn-books, and threw At their feet! Then, above all the shouting

out of Springfield, thoroughly demoralized and thoroughly astonished at their own defeat. They did not know that a heeric preacher and the peculiar merit ing about in the cellar and slipped down at my heeric preacher and the peculiar merit ing about in the cellar and slipped down heeric preacher and the peculiar merit ing about in the cellar and slipped down at my down in the cellar and slipped down at my down in the cellar and slipped down at my down in the cellar and slipped down at my down in the cellar and slipped down at my down in the cellar and slipped down at my down in the cellar and slipped down at my down in the cellar and slipped down at my down in the cellar and slipped down at my down in the cellar and slipped down at my down in the cellar and slipped down at my down in the cellar and slipped down at my down in the cellar and slipped down at my down in the cellar and slipped down at my down in the cellar and slipped down at my down in the cellar and slipped down at my down in the cellar and slipped down in the cellar and sli

When the oration was concluded the band played "Hail to the Chief," and then the sham battle began.

Were I a soldier I would give you all the details of that bloodless war. I would tell you how the scouts came out would tell you now the scoutscame out to discover what the enemy was doing. I would tell exactly how both armies advanced and retracted. I would tell how the old cannon boomed away on the hill, and how the rifles were loaded hour he is and reloaded with harmless blank cart. Tribune. ridges. I would tell you all about the real smoke, the real racket and the real enthusiasm that accompanied this pre-tended buttle. But I am no soldier, and therefore I could never do the sub-

and he rode the spirited black mare like a little warrior. Why, he actually wore spurs, and when he pricked the beautiful animal she curveted and pranced in true martial fashion. Poor Barry could not feel satisfied with the patient old praise.—N. Y. Ledger.

Herbert was secretly conscious that conscience made him uncomfortable. He know that he had been selfish, and he was certain that Barry despised him.

This thought made him to be a piece of that mince pie you had when I visited this part of the country last?

beholders. The boy and the animal were enveloped in a cloud of dust, but it could be seen that as yet he clung to her back. The battle was forgotten. Soldiers and spectators can forward and in Springfield for one year and was therefore not entitled to the highest of-fice the town afforded. Herbort said nearly fell; now she regained her footthat he didn't care to stand up and be ing and tore away again; now her sad-beaton, even in play. He swelled him-self out and strutted and swaggered side. The boy had lost the bridle-rein. and was clinging to her mane. He was crying out for help and momentarily ex-

ecting to be dashed under her feet. Barry Cartwright tried to save his resourced in pursuit. The old horse seemed to understand the situation. must try to head her off. He rode the sorrel across the fields, urging him to a shorter route than the mare was tak-ing. The old herse made a mighty effort and traveled faster than it had at his side, shouting his commands in gone for years. Every one shouted to

a suit of clothes that had been awkward-ly remodeled from his father's old uni-Herbert was clinging to her back, and orm. Herbert Fleming had once ridi-aled the cut of these garments, and still in a frenzy of fear. Barry caught still in a frenzy of fear. Barry caught



THE MARCH TO ACADEMY GREEN.

and was dragged from his saddle. The mare tried to shake him off, but he set his teeth and hung on, the reins in his forehead swelling almost to bursting. and his head swimming until he could not see. His feet did not touch the ground, and his weight was so light that she slackened but did not cease running. She was furious at his interference. She reared on her hind feet, and tried to strike him with her front hoofs. She even tried to bite him, but be held on with wonderful courage and endurance. He realized that she was gradually becoming subdued, that she was stopping, that his school-fellow was safe! Then be fainted away.

Barry Cartwright was the here of the day, after all. He was a somewhat damaged hero, for his shoulder was dislocated, and his hands were terribly bruised; but then a warrior must expect some hodily injuries. The boys flocked about him and praised him until he was overwhelmed by his sudden popularity. The teachers called him a hero, and that confused him all the more. Then Mr. Fleming thanked him so fervently that he scarcely knew the proud man in

his sudden humility.

The battle was never finished. The Baron Knyphausen couldn't fight, and there wasn't a soldier in Springfield who would have been willing to stand up against him, even in play.

Herbert went home with Barry, and staid with him all the rest of the day. "Barry," he said, "I've felt like a thief, for I stole your generalship! I've been awfully miserable about it. I saw how mean I had been, and I knew you must despise me. And you saved my life! You'll never want me near you, and yet I'd be proud if you could only let me be

your friend!" Barry held out both of his hands and smiled. "The war is over," he said, "and we won't have any more hard feeling. think we will like each other better aftor this."

And peace was declared .- Frances B. Carrie, in N. Y. Observer.

Rang his voice: 'Put Watts into 'em-Boys, give 'em Watts''

And they did! Mr. Dinwiddie declared that the British army was driven

Arm Skinphlint rushed into the police
station at four a. m. in great excita-

corie preacher and the peculiar merit ing about in the cellar and slipped down in Dr. Watts' hymns had conquered and locked him in. Send a policeman right away and get him."

"How long has it been, Mr. Skin-phlint," said the officer, "since you locked him in?" "About half an hour."

"Is there no way for him to get out?"
"None at all. I fastened up the only opening the cellar has."

"Then you ought to have gone to the coroner," rejoined the officer. "If that man has been in your cellar half an hour he has starved to death."-Chicago

Appreciation Before Praise. There are persons in this world-and the pity is there are not more of them tended battle. But I am no soldier, and therefore I could never do the subject justice.

On the occasion of which I write both Generals were unhappy, and this proves that greatness does not always bring contentment. The Baron Knyphausen found himself envying General Greene and thinking bitter thoughts about him. Herbert's uniform was very handsome and the rode the spirited black mare like at little warrior. Why, he actually wore

A Grateful Tramp.

Caustic Griffin (the tramp)-Madam,

the dog Tranp-Thanks, madam, thanks!

Housewife—And for what?
Tramp (satcheting away)—For giving me another chance to live. A called for that pie with the intention of commit-

A Remarkable Showing.

It is estimated that Smith's Tonic Syrup made by Dr. John Bell, of Louisville, Ky, is used in not less than eight hundred thousand familles. It has entirely taken the place of quinine, having all the good qualities of this drug and none of its evil tendendles. Its use has a most beneficial effect on the circulatory system and mucous membrane. It instills life into these important portions and prevents congestion. It reduces inordinate temperature and allays all feverish symptoms. It is a true anti-periodic and will prevent or cure chilis and fever with invariable certainty. In malarial districts, where colds, fevers, influents, etc., are common, it is almost a sucred duty to take Smith's Tonic Syrup occasionally, as by this means the good health of the family is preserved.

FREEZIS a rumor current that a paper in this country recently printed a census joke, but it lacks confirmation. However, such a thing is liable to occur almost any day.— Norristown Herald.

THERE is a notion which finds ledgment in many minds that success in going through the world is commensurate with success in going through the inhabitants—Jury.

going through the inhabitants.—Jury.

Tibber, Miss., Oct 6, 1836.

Messra, A. T. Shallennerger & Co.
Rochester, Pa. Gelis:—The bottle of Shallenberger's Pills sent me in February last I gave to W. G. Anderson, of this place; a long-standing case of chills and fever. He had tried everything known without any permanent good. In least than ten days after taking your Antitiothe he was sound and well, and has gone through the entire season without any return. It seems to have effectually driven the Malarious polson from his system.

Yours truly, V. A. Anderson.

Comparizion begels enterprise and enterprise has induced a greeer to advertise "granine borse-radioh, fresh from the horse."—Binghamton Lender.

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Having used "Mothor's Friend" I would not be without it. It is a boon to wives who know they must pass through the painful ordeal of childbirth. Mass. O. Manuung, lowa. Write the Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

Eyes when a rattlesnalte manages to keep its head all right it is liable to get rattled at the tail.—N. O. Picayune.

Six Novels Free, will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philada, Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins Electric Soap wrappers. See list of revels on circulars around each bar.

Fire reason most poets think to pose is that their thoughts e thoughts.—Philadelphia Press.

In South America rooms are sometimes lighted by fire bugs. In this country fire-bugs light whole houses.

A. M. PRIDET, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Drug-gists sell it, 75c.

You hardly realize that it is medicine, when taking Carter's Little Liver Fills; they are very small; no bad effects; all trombles from torpid liver are relieved by their use.

Many a man can seil a fifty-cent article or a dollar and then not be able to hold on the dollar.—Puck.

Sairn's Toxic Synor is giving universal McKinney, Texas.

The trouble with justice is that she does so little besides holding her scales.—Galveston News.



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Are You Going to Travel ?

Lanon is honorable; always excepting, easibly, the laboring jaw of the demagogue r ignoramus.—Olathe (Kan.) Mirror.

A Boon to Wives.

The music that hath charms to scothe the savage was preduced by his victim while being scalped.—Hinghamton Leader.

Children that are peevish and sickly frequently owe their disposition and distress to the presonce of worms in their little in testines. They will be more healthy, happy and pretty if you give them Dr. Bull's Worn Destroyers.

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The best cough med cine is Piso's Cure or Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c. A MAN should be sure he's right, then fol-w his knows.—Yonkers Statesman.



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